

New York Tribune.

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A Living Wage for Railroads—They Need It as Much as Their Men.

The demand of the railway trainmen and conductors for advances in wages which it is sold would add \$17,000,000 to the payroll of the Eastern railroads gives point to the request of those railroads for a 5 per cent increase in freight rates. This demand for higher wages has been refused, but there is little doubt that arbitration of it will follow and will result in adding \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 to the railroad payrolls. This will be in addition to several millions of increased expenses due to awards of higher wages to the engineers and firemen.

The public has decreed these higher wages. To save the public the cost and inconvenience of strikes the railroads have consented to arbitration. Representatives of the public have adjusted the disputes, determining the wages that should be paid and thus adding many millions to the railroads' expenses.

And the public responsibility for the financial position of the railroads does not end with the wage account. Through federal and state legislative commissions the public controls the service of the railroads, adding to the expenses by various orders and requirements. Nor are legislatures satisfied to leave entirely to the commissions which they have created the regulation of the railroads. Laws have been passed in several states this year adding heavily and unnecessarily to the expenses of the railroads through requiring them to increase train crews. The "full crew" laws passed in this state and New Jersey are said to have added several millions to the expenses of the railroads in these two states.

All of these things are done under the color of serving the public interest, and generally actually for the purpose of serving it. Governor Sulzer maintained that public safety required an increase in train crews. The increase in railroad wages was made to save the public the cost of strikes. It is fitting and proper, therefore, that the public which controls the amount that it pays the railroads for their services should recognize that it is exacting more and more of them and recompense them accordingly. Let the public put it in the power of the railroads to pay the added wages and to pay for the superior service and to pay for the extra and unnecessary workmen.

The public is interested not only in seeing that the railroad workers receive a living wage. It is interested even more vitally in seeing that the railroads receive a living wage. The railroads must earn enough for their own upkeep. They must earn enough to attract investors. They must earn enough to have a surplus to put into non-dividend paying improvements, for the public demands them. They must earn enough to grow as the country grows.

Evil Communications.

Why all the unseasonable amenities of yesterday at the Board of Estimate? A sunny spring day, almost the first of its kind, makes most humans smile and be glad to tell the newsboy to keep the change.

But Mr. Prendergast calls Mr. Miller a "near theorist" and Mr. Miller tells Mr. Prendergast that his head is the "finest wood block" that he knows of. Mr. McAneny, the innocent bystander, endeavors to intercede. And "We should worry," retorts Mr. Eva Tanguay Miller.

If this sort of geyroning spreads throughout the city departments the voters will be ready to elect the next administration solely on its manners. Ragbaggery is certainly an infectious disease.

Treasury Methods Liberalized.

Secretary McAdoo's orders regarding interest payments on active Treasury deposits and the bonds offered to secure such deposits constitute a desirable liberalization of Treasury methods. It is better policy to keep more of the Treasury's surplus funds in active use, especially so if interest can be earned on them, and if more funds are to be released from the Treasury vaults it is necessary to broaden the list of securities for deposits acceptable to the government.

There has been a little too much rigidity in the Treasury's method of handling surplus funds. Putting them out without interest has encouraged favoritism to certain institutions and has established an unbusinesslike relation between the banks and the Treasury. Under the new rule all applicants for government deposits will be on the same footing and the government will get something as well as give something when it puts its surplus receipts into general circulation.

Treasury traditions have been too much like the laws of the Medes and the Persians. It is good to see them changed occasionally under pressure from business sense.

No Oldtime Senate "Combine" Likely.

Will the ten Democratic Senators who united yesterday in a protest to President Wilson against free wool and free sugar be able to do to the Wilson-Underwood tariff bill of 1913 what the Gorman "combine" did to the Wilson tariff bill of 1894? The ten Senators who visited the President are classed in Washington dispatches as Westerners. There are twelve Democrats from states west of the Missouri River, and Louisiana's two Senators may also be counted upon in any effort to prevent the passage of the House bill. If six Democratic votes should be cast against it it would probably be defeated. But the question is whether as many as six of the twelve protestants will stick when sticking involves a break with the administration and proscriptio so far as the distribution of federal patronage is concerned.

At the time the anti-administration combine of 1894 was organized Mr. Gorman was the recognized leader of the Democracy in the Senate and controlled the party machinery there. He had the secret sympathy of many colleagues who did not act with him. In his band of wreckers were influential Senators from big Eastern states like New York, Ohio and

New Jersey. One of his most active lieutenants was a man whom Mr. Cleveland gladly got rid of by appointing him an associate justice of the Supreme Court.

Most of the Senate opponents of the House tariff bill to-day are men of little experience at the Capitol. Only one of them, Mr. Newlands, has served more than one term. They are not firmly united, and to many of them the distribution of federal patronage is a more absorbing question than the possible effect of a new tariff bill on local industries.

Mr. Wilson is lucky in the character of the Senate opposition with which he will have to deal. There are no signs yet of the welding together there of another Gorman-Smith-Brice-Murphy coalition against which the House and the President will dash themselves in vain.

Mr. Wilson and the Murphy Overlordship.

If President Wilson had ever been inclined to concede to Tammany Hall the right to veto his choice of a Collector of the Port of New York, he has now no shadow of excuse for yielding to Murphy's pretensions. In the Legislature Murphy's followers have just defeated the Sulzer state-wide primary bill, and if there is one principle in politics more than any other to which Mr. Wilson is committed it is the direct choice by the voters of all candidates for state and local offices.

How could he afford to recognize as truly Democratic the Murphy organization, which has no use for any party machinery intended to do away with bossism and rule from the top? He broke with "Jim" Smith in New Jersey because Smith wanted to set aside the verdict of a Democratic Senatorial primary. Why should he lend his countenance to the Murphy Democracy here, which is willing to violate the pledges it made to the people in order to prolong for a year or two the Murphy system of personal overlordship?

Is Mr. Polk to be sacrificed in order to help out an embarrassed overlord?

Discourtesy on the Bench.

The insulting speech of Mr. Justice Gavegan to a woman litigant in his courtroom deserves and here receives a few words of comment.

A judge on the bench is in a peculiar position of power. Within the four walls of his courtroom he is as absolute a master as is the captain of a ship at sea. Protest, reply or retort is futile. Therefore, any judge with proper feelings will exercise his prerogative with scrupulous justice and civility.

Justice Gavegan, to the contrary, acted unfairly and discourteously. If his delicate sensibilities were shocked by the display of crossed stockings before him it was an easy matter to end the scene without a public rebuke or talk of "indecent exposure."

The woman in question was unjustly and needlessly mortified by Justice Gavegan's act. So was the County of New York.

Some Happy New Yorkers and Their Real "Old Home Week."

The people who live in the part of this city which is still known as Greenwich Village have a right to throw out their chests. They are to have an "Old Home Week" toward the end of this month, and they are about the only New Yorkers who are qualified to hold a celebration of that sort. What other section of the city could deliver the real "Well, home hasn't changed so much, after all, since I left it" goods?

The average New Yorker's only idea of home is a diversified collection of street names and numbers. But in Greenwich Village there are plenty of people who have lived for thirty or forty years in the same dwelling and have been taking their bearings from the Jefferson Market Court clock tower ever since it was built. There are barber shops in the village where old-fashioned individual shaving cups with the names of the owners stenciled on them have been standing on the shelves for a generation, just as they do in every little country town.

Everybody is everybody else's neighbor, and a real neighbor at that, and the instinct of neighborliness has a chance to assert itself not only in local politics, but in the work of the church and civic improvement associations, in which the locality is rich. Isolated and off the high road as it is, no other part of the city is more truly self-respecting than Greenwich Village is or better able to take care of itself.

Other New Yorkers, who are mostly strangers living among strangers, will look on with envious eyes when the Greenwicheers celebrate. Isn't it a pity that "Alec" McClelland sold out the Old Grapevine before it was known that plans were brewing for an "Old Home Week"?

The Public Lecture System.

The annual reunion of the public lecturers of the local Board of Education last night was a grateful reminder of one feature at least of the city's school system which is not an object of acrimonious controversy. It has not escaped observation and close scrutiny, but the net results of those processes have been chiefly to approve its extraordinary economy and efficiency and to secure its extension by imitation in other cities large and small throughout the land.

It is, indeed, to be doubted whether any other "new departure" in educational matters in the last twenty-four years has enjoyed as wide and substantial a growth and has won as high and as general commendation as this. In that reflection there is cause for much local pride, since the system, now nation-wide, had its origin right here in this city and in the Borough of Manhattan. But in the national extent of it there is good reason for the suggestion which was made last night, that the quarter-century, which will be celebrated next year, will be worthy of much more than local observation.

The Campaign Against Cancer.

Mr. Henry Rutherford's bequest of a cancer research fund is to be welcomed gratefully by a public which suffers fear of what is perhaps the most formidable of diseases and by the profession which is diligently seeking for its cure. It is, we believe, the largest gift yet made for that purpose in this country after Mr. George Crocker's, and the bestowal of it upon the Rockefeller Institute is particularly appropriate and promising of profitable results. With the Crocker endowment at Columbia University, New York is thus made the seat of two strong movements against this mysterious and deadly scourge.

We call cancer perhaps the most formidable of diseases because it has more than almost any other baffled inquiry into its causes and nature, because it has proved exceptionally unsuceptible to both preventive and curative treatment, because of its agonizing character and because unlike most other important ills it appears to be steadily and even rap-

idly increasing its ravages. Thus in England, where statistics are more carefully kept and where the campaign against cancer has been most earnestly waged, the death rate from it has almost doubled in a third of a century, having been 445 in the million in 1871-75 and 861 in 1901-04, with a steady and pretty uniform increase in each quinquennium from the first to the last.

It may be that this increase is partly only apparent, being due to more careful diagnosis and to more thorough reporting and recording, but it is sufficiently real to justify the taking of every possible step for the abatement of the scourge. Cholera, typhoid, yellow fever, malaria, diphtheria and other plagues have yielded to science, and tuberculosis and others are being overcome. We must believe that cancer, too, will yield its secrets and lose its deadly power.

"Paris Unusually Quiet." Max Day in Europe has lost its teeth.

Now, was the City Controller's estimate of the Bronx President as a "near theorist" based upon the Bronx President's estimate of the value of the City Controller's head as material for wood block paving?

Boston dispatches report that lobsters on the Maine and Massachusetts coasts are getting "big enough to fight a man." They must have heard recently of the Gaynor anti-Great White Way crusade.

To compensate for the uninteresting, pacific methods of American women there seems to be a good deal of militancy among the male sex hereabouts.

The Hon. William Lorimer is going to ask the voters of Illinois to send him back next year to the United States Senate. He will probably run as an Anti-Jackpot candidate.

AS I WAS SAYING

It all depends. If you have a morbid, gloomy, pessimistic temperament it grieves you to see the Lady of the Period slaughtering her feminine ideals, one after another, with such ferocity that in a few years more of this there will not be a feminine ideal left alive. But if there is sunshine in your soul you are profoundly tickled. Consider the dazzling opportunity that grows bigger and brighter every time a feminine ideal goes pop. Want to get rich? Find the substitute for woman.

Everybody is praising Jacques Seligman's good nature in paying \$25,000 for a Louis XV chair, but the moral sublimity of the transaction is far too generally overlooked. Mong doo! what faith!

Inch by inch the Irish Festival approaches. Patience, brethren! The preparations are an affair of extreme delicacy. Surely you have not forgotten the effulgent Irish Festival at West Shillalee, N. J., where Mr. Terence O'Sullivan MacIntyre honored his tribe by singing:

"The Murphys, the Casseys, the O'Shaughnessys, the Rileys and h'ry Maguire.
Bow down to us now, as marchin' we go; tis the ligant, bold MacIntyre."

But among those present on that brilliant occasion were Messrs. Murphy, Cassey, O'Shaughnessy, Riley and Maguire, and their behavior was beyond praise. Moral: It is cheaper in the end to order direct from the kilns.

We applaud this nation-wide campaign for better babies, but we defy them to improve ours.

Now that the hunger strike is taking root among American institutions, thanks to the lady who has starved herself free at York, Penn., we should think up a remedy. Strike breakers might do. Seeing her caramels devoured by others in her very presence, with many "Mummys" and a rapturous licking of chops, would bother a lady. But we must not forget that we are dealing with a stern, stern sex. Some would stick it out even then. So we prescribe a cure suggested by the ancient Limerick about the dainty, albeit pantophagous, young creature who:

"Never was able
To eat at the table
But in the back pantry—oh, Lawd!"

The very thing, by jingo! On Monday morning, according to our plan, the warden walks in on Mrs. 37,469 and says: "Here's your week's board." He deposits several armfuls of beatific bags and boxes and departs. After that nobody goes near Mrs. 37,469 for an entire week. To all intents her cell becomes a regular back pantry. It is a cruel method; granted; by Monday night the whole supply is consumed; and yet we should steel ourselves against the maudlin sentiment that makes prison life attractive.

Speaking of the Chicago City Council's new ordinance ridding the shop windows of pictures that portray the undraped figure, a great deal is to be said on both sides, all of which will be found elsewhere.

Literary note: Mr. T. K. Wallingford Snitch, the distinguished novelist, is motoring in the Tyrol with his first wife.

Since "Colliers" dropped to a nickel we have been simply overrun with investors who cannot decide what to do with their money. Our advice is: Be wary of stocks, bonds, mortgages, life insurance, etc. These devices increase your money. As the value of money is swiftly diminishing, the more you get the more you will lose. Better invest in some form of property that will be worth more ten years hence than it is now. Buy eggs.

Be patient with Mr. Philip Boileau when he declares that the publishers reject his best pictures. It is only too true. For publishers have a curious ambition to sell what they buy. The more of it they sell the better they are. And when one sells pictures to a vast and wildly applauding public, one must not aim too high. In matters of taste, precisely as in matters of mice that spin, the rule is, "The higher, the fewer." Even jokes feel the pressure. Says John Travena: "Make a neat epigram, and two people in a hundred laugh. Clap a false nose on your face and lay like an ass, and ninety-eight split their sides." This explains why we had never heard of J. T. before.

Again they are telling us that the one unfailing remedy for nerves is a garden. The weeds, the stones, the bugs, the blight, the sunburn, the backache, the perspiration and the fertilizer will kill even the most obstinate nerve; or, if not, you may as well have it out.

OH, NO!

From The Boston Herald.
President Wilson has "smashed another precedent" in going to the Capitol to "talk politics." Surely, nobody ever did that before.

AND DOES IT, POSSIBLY.

From The Chicago Tribune.
A California Jap, we are told, can live on three cents a day. The misery of the situation is that he is willing to do it.



EUROPE—I wonder what's behind the mountain.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate

GOD-GIVEN MEN

An "Anti" Propheisies Their Glorious Supremacy.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Come, all ye men, be sports! Quit you the arena while the going is good and don the flannel petticoat—now that the abolition of tariff on wool is on—giving to the women the trousers which they seek.

Let the female legislator legislate; give her the innings she craves. Meanwhile, lie yourselves to the gallery seats and enjoy the show through the haze of lighted cigars. Before the smoke has died away woman will begin to tire of browbeating in political fields. She will vacillate, make her bow, back down and out, fleeing from the verdant stage, with its glare of opportunities for women.

Then you men, in your God-given strength and wisdom, can take the helm again to guide the ship of state through less troublous times. In a whisper let me say: "Every last woman of us—suffragists as well as anti-suffragists—will be glad to go aboard that ship." M. B. Roseville, N. J., April 29, 1913.

THE ALTRUISTIC SPIRIT

It Is Contrasted with Commercialism That Exploits Itself.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: In your editorial, April 28, commenting on what may be termed altruistic honor—that probity of altruistic spirit which so righteously distinguishes all truly great doctors—you say: "What the world needs most nowadays is to preserve such ideals and to broaden them so that the impulse to public service in many other fields of effort may outpull the impulse to private gain."

Journalistic expression of sentiment such as this is most timely, for it rivets public attention, in this instance, to iniquitous commercialism that exploits itself at the expense of suffering victims of a dread disease—an utterly unconscionable commercialism that flagrantly operates inhuman privileges at gaining money even at the cost of every directly involved ethical consideration.

Intrusion here of medical charlatanism should always be met with that thoroughgoing temper of active decency, which is the chief characteristic of altruism at its very best, and which is, the world over, so perfectly sound in all honestly famed physicians and surgeons.

Your editorial contributes directly to this kind of decency; it therefore unquestionably belongs with greatly worth while things which bear good fruits most to their reputation.

ALFRED LAURENS BRENNAN.
New York, April 28, 1913.

LITTLE SUSAN SCUPPERNONG

She Is Taken Down from the Shelf and Accurately Presented.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: In The Tribune of this morning you inform "N. S. R." that the poem about Susan Scuppernong can be found "in the small red book, third from the left on the top shelf." It is with great regret that I find The Tribune in error in three particulars on this subject. In the first place the version of the masterpiece which you give is incorrect. The correct reading follows:

LITTLE SUSAN SCUPPERNONG,
By Arthur May.
Silly Susan Scuppernong
Cried so hard and cried so long.
People asked her what was wrong.
She replied, "I do not know.
Any reason for my we-
I just feel like feeling so."

large. In the third place, the book is not on the top shelf. It is on the bottom shelf, as I look at it while I write. You are correct, however, in saying that it is the third from the left.

The book is a bound volume of the "Youth's Companion" for 1904, and the beautiful lyric appears on page 11 of that paper for January 7th of that year. You will notice that "two" is spelled without the customary final vowel. The reason for this, I understand, is that the editors of the paper desire to curtail grief as much as possible.

You may be interested to know that the late Mr. Macy—he was on time when death called—wrote many other lyrics almost as penetratingly truthful as this one. G. D.
New York, April 29, 1913.

AS TO AMERICAN DEMONS

Alcohol by Far the Worst Vice, a Reader Maintains.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: As a constant reader of your editorials I wish to express disapproval of that which appears to-day under the caption "The Great American Demon—Ice Water." Doubtless it was not intended to be taken seriously, but many of your readers may not be possessed of your own sense of humor.

To suggest that Secretary Bryan in emitting intoxicating liquors from diplomatic dinners is inconsistent, as a moral and physical benefactor, if he still serve ice water to his guests, can only give "aid and comfort" to the enemies of moral and intellectual strength. Scientific investigation of the effects of alcohol has gone too far to admit of that extenuation which even your mild editorial provides. Users of liquor and friends of the liquor business are eager to believe that alcohol is no more harmful than ice water, and that ice-cold beverages are "the very worst American vice," even though they be temperance drinks. It is to be regretted that your great paper should lend itself, even by indirection, to the support of such sophistry.

With Hermann von Helmholtz, the most eminent German scientist of modern times, declaring that the smallest quantity of alcohol drives scientific thoughts away, and Count von Haessler, of the German army, stating that "the soldier who abstains altogether is the best man," mentally and physically he is better. Brandy is the worst poison of all. Next to it comes beer," while English and American authorities to the same effect can be quoted almost indefinitely, it would seem reasonable that diplomats, on whose deliberations often hang the destinies of nations, should be encouraged to resist that enemy which Shakespeare long ago said men put "in their mouths to steal away their brains."

If John Hay rescued diplomacy from "double dealing and deceit," why may not William Jennings Bryan rescue it from that type of intellectual and moral enfeeblement which alcohol produces? W. W. T. DUNCAN.
New Rochelle, N. Y., April 29, 1913.

OUR IRISH NATION

It Will Give Anglo-American Peace a Drubbing, Predicts a Celt.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: You may lay your life that the Anglo-American "peace" celebration will meet opposition. The whole affair is being managed by men who are either aliens in spirit or aliens in fact. Carnegie pensioners actual or prospective, Canadians and Britishers domiciled here, American expatriates and Cockneyed patriots. The mere conception is in the worst possible taste, for they are studiously ignoring friendly nations, which not only have kept the peace with us for a hundred years, but have never broken it. There is no real friendship for us in England.

The latest peace propaganda dates from the first German scare in England. There has never been a time when this country was mainly English in blood. Nine-tenths of the so-called Scotch here and three-quarters of the so-called English here are really Irish in blood. When this country was most British, England was warring ruthlessly upon it. Yet now, when "our common blood" is an infinitesimal modicum, Pecksniffs show the white of their eyes and talk of war as "unthinkable." In this hundred years of peace England has shown unrelenting animosity toward us. Directly and indirectly she has been the means of destroying our merchant fleet. She has been our enemy and our foe in every quarrel of the globe. She has been the cause of unutterable agony in Ireland, has steadily stolen from the people whom she had stripped bare many times already, and has maligned them for a lack of education and for a poverty which had been deliberately brought about by her own laws. In ten years death and emigration, due to wickedly organized famine, stripped Ireland of two million members of her families, the oldest and best blood in Europe. The blood of these martyrs still cries to heaven for a vengeance, which, as sure as the coming of to-morrow, will yet descend on John Bull's head.

A few honest men here and there will not free this whole scheme of its atmosphere of cunning, hypocrisy and cant. Like every scheme of its kind it will leave the American people entirely cold where it is not actively hostile. And the whole company of promoters, alien misdeed toadies and gossamers from the Carnegie trough will eventually retire in confusion from the stage, with the contempt of the American people as their chief reward.

EDWARD M. ANTWEILER.
Brooklyn, May 1, 1913.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

Writing from Kiev, Russia, a student says, in the "Vochenschrift," of Vienna: "We have had an experience here recently which better than anything that could be said shows how a great government can put obstacles in the way of those who seek an education. By a sweeping decree 1,500 boys and girls who were attending the high schools of this place were pronounced 'ineligible.' They were distributed through the various classes, but because they were of a religious faith distasteful to the authorities their right of residence was questioned, and pending the settlement of the question the children were thrown out. Tell this in England or in America and no one will believe you."

When a man takes a dislike to you there is no use of trying to square it. If you do him a favor he thinks he has you hooked, and if you do him an injury he is justified in his first impression.—Washington Star.

A man can't be too careful in the selection of his allies. Recently the head of a family returned home early in the morning. He had boasted to his wife that he would be home early, and wanted her to know that he had kept his word—although he had not done so. Very quietly he turned the hands of his watch back, then turned the hands of the parlor clock, then the clock in the dining room. Then he threw his shoes on the floor and awoke his wife. "Late again, I suppose," she remarked. "My watch says one minute to 12," he replied. She hopped out of bed and surveyed the dining room clock. Not believing her sleepy eyes, she turned to the timepiece in the parlor. "All right," she said, "but how did you do it?" she asked. He was about to give her an explanation, when the chiming of a nearby church sounded two, and his alibi was shattered. An altogether different explanation was given, but he was too surprised to make it convincing.

"Now, I want you to provide a little of this cheese."
"What this cheap cheese at a fine banquet? Why, everybody knows that this cheese isn't fit to eat."
"Exactly. I want every guest to have something to blame for his headache the morning after."—Washington Herald.